The Bystander, December 29, 1920 No. 891. Vol. LXVIII

The BYSTANDER

BY E. T. REED

THE "DOMESTIC" STUNT ON THE STAGE

If Miss Elsie Janis's example of bringing-on her revered relatives, to share her triumph at the fall of the curtain, were generally followed, our artist would be kept supplied with fascinating incidents like these. *(Not Portraits!)*

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ARTHUR BOURCHIER. KYRLE BELLEW.
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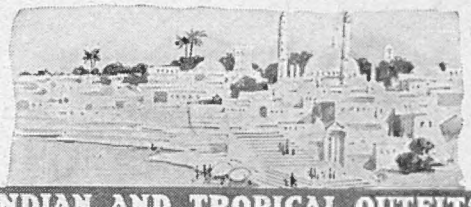

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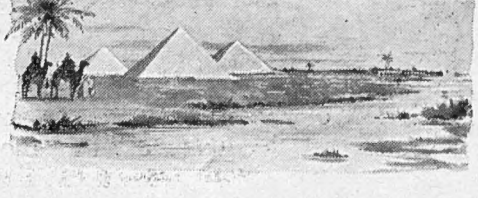


BYSTANDER COMMENTS

New Year Greetings

THIS number of THE BYSTANDER appears during what some people call the week of "Saint Dyspepsia," and I take this opportunity of hoping that this gloomy "martyr" is no patron—or should it be "matron?"—of any of my readers. In any case Saturday is New Year's Day—a "whole holiday" if the bank clerks can "wangle" it—most of them, one hears, come from North of the Tweed, so they should be able to do something about it. I wonder if any of us will make any of those "time-honoured" resolutions about swearing off 1870 port and Corona Coronas, of buying no more clothes until prices come down, and all those jolly old pious sentiments which are annually supposed to get bent into weirdly fantastic patterns before the Ides of March? Somehow I don't think so. Because, between ourselves, I think it's high time the Great Resolution Myth was exploded. Serious-minded folks, one gathers, have been known to make resolutions—and sometimes to keep them. But I don't think anyone ever consciously and seriously made one on New Year's Day—outside the imaginations of our popular humourists.

Optimists

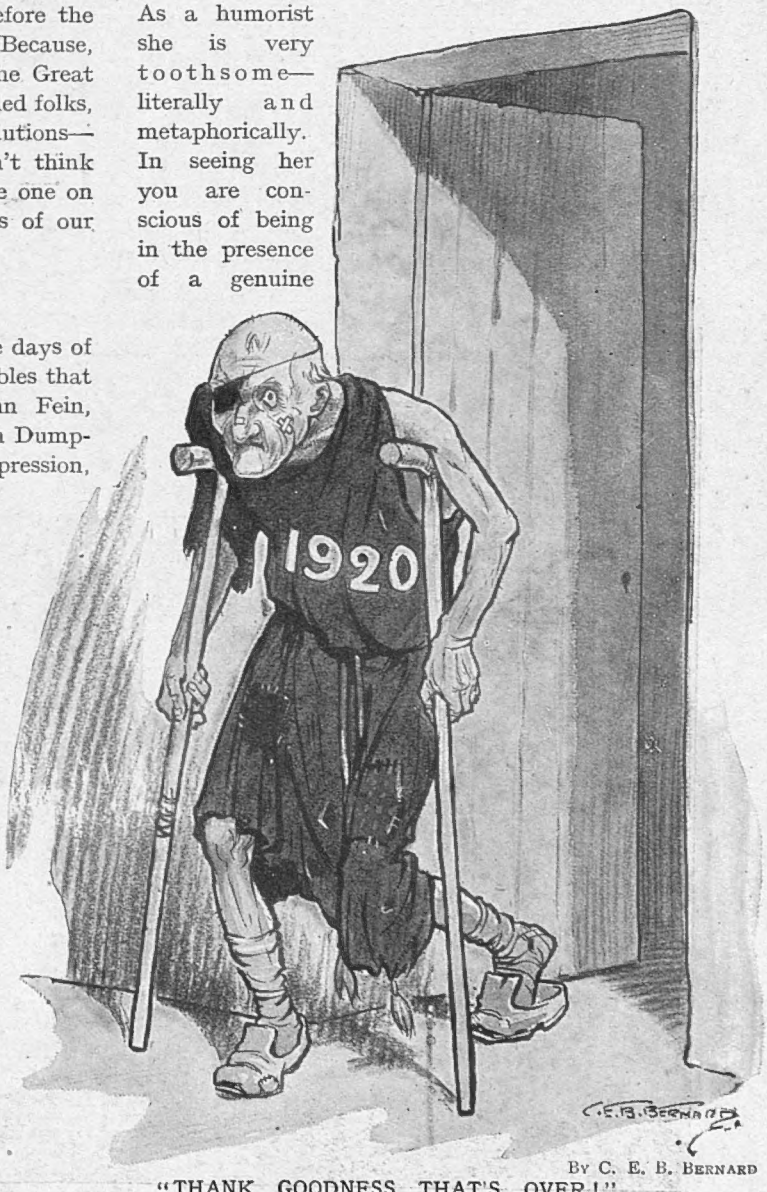
IT'S just as well to be an optimist in these days of peace and ill-will, what with all the troubles that seem to surround us on every side—Sinn Fein, Bureaucratic Extravagance, E.P.D., German Dumping, Income Tax, Unemployment, Trade Depression, and all the rest of it. But the biggest optimists of all were some enthusiastic people whom I noticed in large numbers in the West End last week. A warm drizzle oozed from leaden skies, Bond Street was reminiscent of its duckboard namesake of three years ago, and these folks were buying—toboggans! Nor were they the sort that get taken out to Switzerland. They were for home use, and I've no doubt that many a small boy woke up last Saturday morning to find one of these shining, highly-painted affairs leaning against the bed-rail. The frost gave us a little encouragement—and here we are full of the very best kind of hope. However, if we get a couple of frosts and a few snow-storms next June our optimists will be all ready for the fray!

Women Who Can Make Us Laugh

IT is an extraordinary fact that although the modern woman has made enormous advances in all directions, so few of them are making their mark on the stage—although acting is supposed to be an intuitive gift with them. We have had no women recently on the level of Mrs. Kendal, Ellen Terry, or Nellie Farren, and nearly all the musical comedies for along time have had to rely upon comedians. By a curious coincidence, two women have made their mark within the last few weeks—Miss Binnie Hale in *Jumble Sale*, at the Vaudeville, and Miss Nellie Wallace as the Widow Twankey in *Aladdin*, at the Hippodrome.

Toothsome

MISS WALLACE has been a bright particular star in the provinces for many years, though very few Londoners have seen her. She is a revelation, making the most of her peculiar physiognomy for the purposes of humour, and not being afraid to "fig" herself up as grotesquely as possible on the stage. As a humorist she is very toothsome—literally and metaphorically. In seeing her you are conscious of being in the presence of a genuine



By C. E. B. BERNARD

"THANK GOODNESS THAT'S OVER!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

artist, who knows her whole business from A to Z—and that is such a pleasant experience after the battalions of pretty incompetents who still crowd the stage.

Footlight Finance

I SHOULD greatly like to get a look at the footlight ledgers for the past year, for the number of experiments made on the stage in London has been phenomenal, managers having failed to see that what would suit the subaltern in khaki home from the front is quite unsuitable for the same young gentleman in a dinner-jacket. Theatrical people are fond of flouting what they call "high-brows"—on the ground of "business." As a matter of fact, the theatre is not like any other business, there being very little relation between the cost of production and the price asked for the goods produced. You pay the same price for a stall at Daly's, with one hundred people on the stage, as you do for a comedy with only four or five people in it, even if produced in the same theatre.

Old-Timers

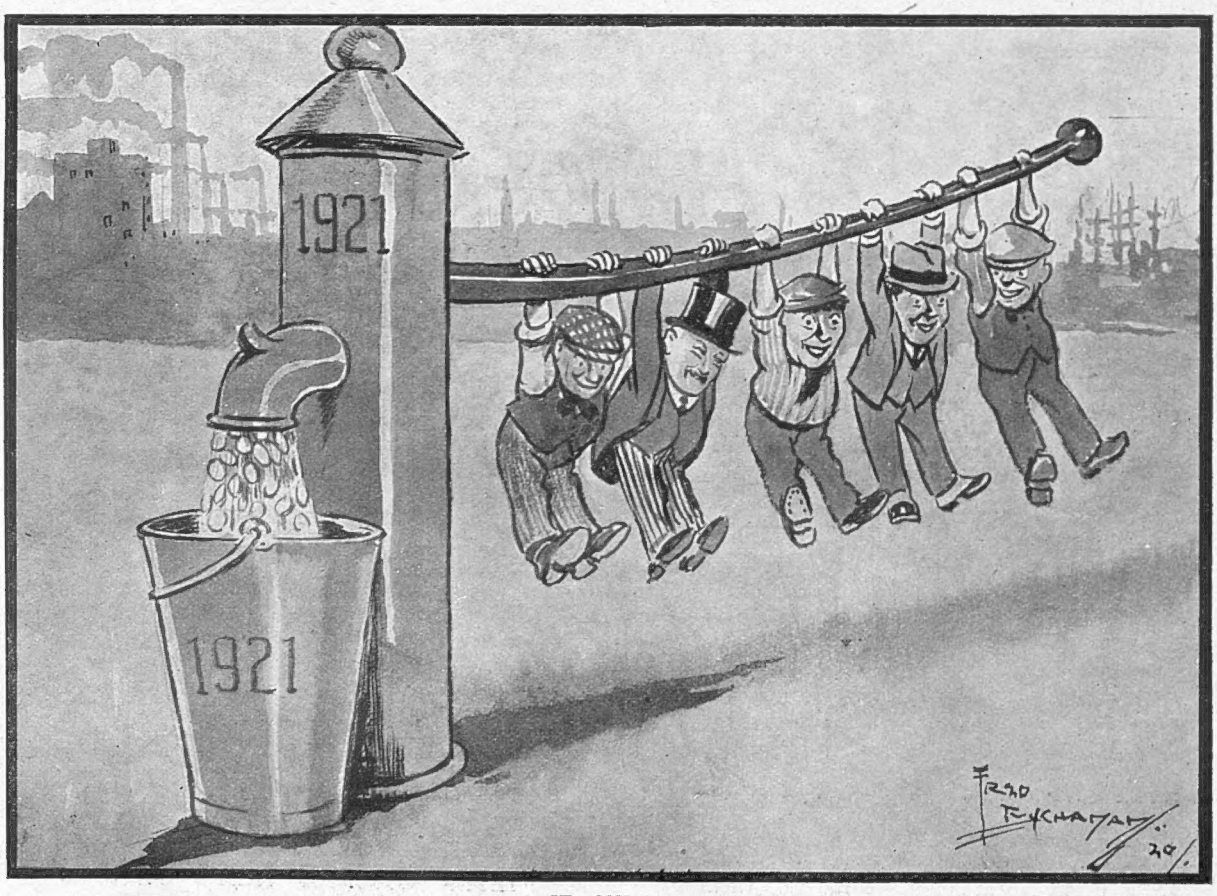
A CURIOUS note of this Christmas season is that the managers have fallen back on very old-timers. Thus *The Private Secretary*, at the Aldwych, is thirty-seven years old; *Alice in Wonderland*, at the Victoria Palace, is thirty-four; *Charley's Aunt* is twenty-eight; and *Peter Pan* sixteen years old. By the way, I wonder how many people who have seen *The Private Secretary*—and I suppose millions have laughed over it since its production at the Theatre Royal, Cambridge, in 1883—are aware of the fact that it is of Germanic origin. It was written by a very industrious playwright, von Moser, and originally called *Der Bibliothekar*, which, of course, is a Librarian, not a Private Secretary. In view of the success of *The Little Dutch Girl* and Mr. Seymour Hicks's *obiter dictum* on German plays, there is not the same risk of stating the fact as there might have been some time ago.

The Paradox of "Democracy"

SMITHFIELD'S beeves have been quickly followed by a fatter than ever "Burke," and thus frayed nerve folk, in spite of all temptations, should feel assured that John Bull stands where he did. He makes his world safe for Democracy by getting the Fountain of Honour, otherwise the Crown, to spray its favours lavishly on all and sundry. Thus during the three years since "Burke" (now in his 80th edition) last appeared, 81 new peerages, 160 new baronetages, and 1,800 new knighthoods have been created, and over 30,000 names have been added to the various Orders of Knighthood. Indeed, the O.B.E.'s, 24,000, of them, are so enormous that "Burke" is going to tackle them in a separate book.

The Burgeoning "Burke"

GREAT as this increase is, it is as nothing compared with that which has taken place since the days of George IV, for when John Burke started his famous work in 1826, he needed only 400 small octavo pages, and now he has to burgeon into more than eight times that number, and use a much larger page. But do not imagine that it is only under a dynastic system that democracy likes to be decorated. The French



IF ONLY! By FRED BUCHANAN

We could get all hands to the pump of production and fill the pail of prosperity

The Royal President of the Girl Guides

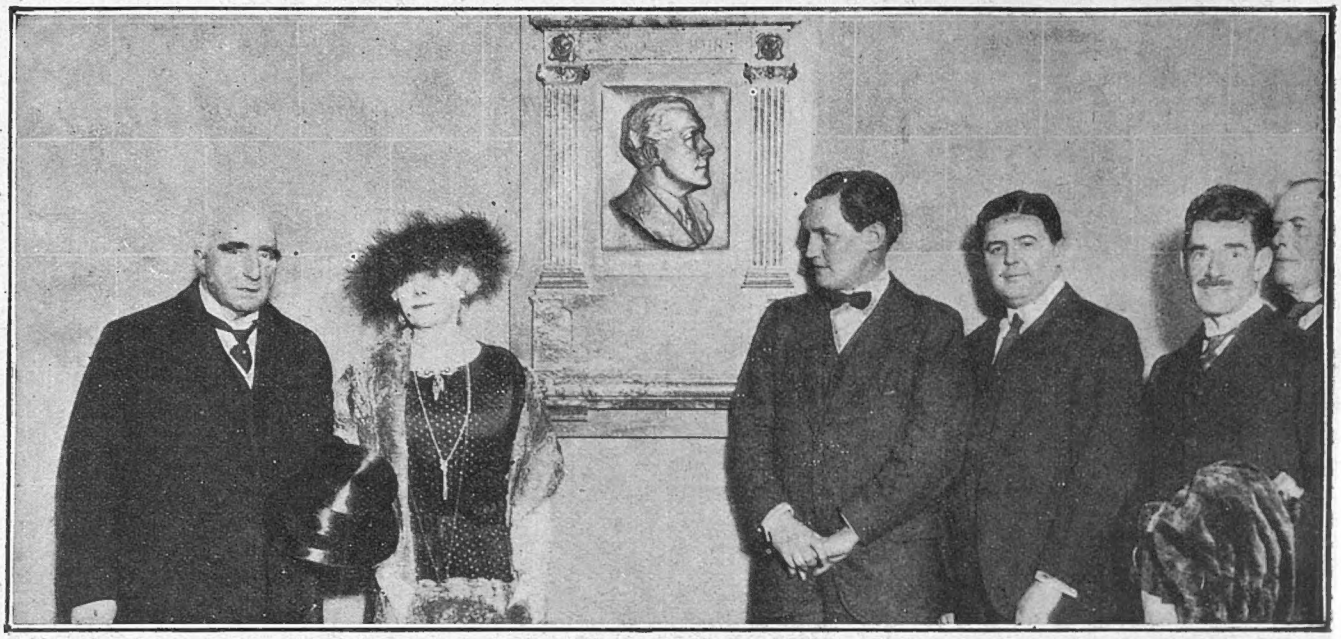
Photograph H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY *Vandyk*

A new and hitherto unpublished photograph of Princess Mary taken in the uniform of the Girl Guides' President. For nearly a year now she has been interested in this movement, besides her many other activities

and the Americans, though not possessing the same sort of titles as ourselves, are not only lavish in decoration, but love to display the symbols of the same far more than the sons of John Bull. Except, perhaps, at a public dinner I never see any Englishman wear the ribbon of the O.B.E., whereas every self-respecting Frenchman loves to decorate his lapel with the little ribbon of his loved Legion of Honour.

Bad Weather a Bad Business

I FOUND my friend the theatrical manager last week looking gloomily out of his brilliant-lit entrance hall "into the night," as the lady novelists will say. He was sad because the weather was wretched—as the soiled new drugget painfully proved; and bad weather, he told me, means bad business, especially for the unbooked parts of a house. People won't go out if they can help it, for going out in rain or snow is an expensive business. It destroys your clothes and boots, and it involves extra expense in transport. I wonder that some of our tit-bitical statisticians haven't worked out the approximate cost of a snowstorm or a rainy day in London. The farmer, of course, did it long ago.



Photograph] MEMORIAL TO ACTOR-KNIGHT [*Farringdon Photo Co.*

To the memory of Sir George Alexander a memorial tablet was unveiled at the St. James's Theatre recently, and many of his old friends in the theatrical world attended the ceremony From left to right can be seen: Sir Arthur Pinero, Lady Alexander, Mr. Henry Ainley and Mr. Gilbert Miller

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Switzerland and the Riviera

STRIKES, taxation, and one shilling and sevenpence buying fivepence three farthings' worth of goods (according to pre-War rates) notwithstanding, the flight to the Riviera and to Switzerland for Christmas has been equal to any Christmas in the halcyon years before the ex-Kaiser turned Europe and himself upside down. The Riviera wields the greater attraction for the newly-enriched. If you don't skate or luge, Switzerland has no attraction. There is no balm to the soul of Mrs. Profiteer to change her clothes six times a day only to waste their price upon a rather dingy hotel drawing-room surrounded by snowy mountains. At Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo, and Mentone she can parade the *dernier cri* upon her usually ample person on endless promenades—most often to the sound of music—in radiant sunshine. And at night she can smother herself with the most expensive glitter of Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix in rivalry to other dames who share with herself the belief that the more hurried the fortune the bigger should be the diamonds.

Ostentation is merely silly in Switzerland in the winter: on the Riviera it is more or less a standard. So only the winter-sports people go to the snow; they are spared the spectacles now to be seen daily on the Côte d'Azur.

Photograph] A NAVAL WEDDING [*L.N.A.*

Sir John Alleyne, D.S.O., D.S.C., a Lieutenant-Commander in the Navy, was married last week to Miss Violet Campbell, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street, S.W. Sir John served during the European War, and was on H.M.S. Vindictive when she was sunk to block Ostend harbour

What Royalty Has to Suffer

IF Royalty could write its experiences of some of the people it meets we should have a book of outstanding humour. Only recently a well-known author was a guest at a large party given for the Prince of Wales. He expressed to his hostess a particular desire to be presented. The lady very kindly led him from room to room in search of the Royal guest who was ultimately found, the centre of a merry group of young people.

The hostess murmured the author's name—a very well-known name. The Prince, with that charming dignity and boyish gravity which seems to come to him instinctively when he meets people who have done the bigger things in life, said just the right thing. His greeting showed that he knew the author's position. In reply a horrified hostess heard these words fall from the lips of the distinguished author, "Your Majesty, I believe, has just come back from India!"

Modernity Up to Date

I WONDER what some of our very gilded new young women would do if there were a Chauffeurs Trade Union which made a Medes and Persians law as to hours of daily service. This is the time-table of the day of a chauffeur who, with a car, is attached by a fond and rich father to the personal service of a

Photograph *Claude Harris*

ORGANISING A DANCE

Lady Mildred Conyngham is always an indefatigable worker for the benefit of charity. At the moment she is busily organising a dance in aid of the Children's Fresh Air Fund to be held at the Grafton Galleries early in the new year

On The Riviera

To be really thrilled one must be at Nice just now. There is a Grand Duke or a Princess at every turning. We dine *au gala* at the Casino once a week. We book our tables well in advance—not for the food, the fruit or the flowers, but because of that sweet, lovely thrilly feeling which proximity to the great always begets in us. All men are snobs—or there would have been no modern society. A bunch of the princes of Radziwill, a princess of that ilk, and counts, comtesses, marquises galore made a gala worth while last Saturday night. Foreign nobility is never disappointing. If they are clothed like lodging-house keepers on holiday, they are still picturesque. Somehow our *elect* have not got *the* manner. It is just the difference between La Belle Otero and Marie Lloyd.

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS VERONICA NOBLE

The only daughter of Sir George Noble, Bt., who is engaged to the Hon. Joseph Pease, Lord Gainford's son

Photograph *Speaight*

ENGAGED

Lady Marjory Kennedy, the daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ailsa, whose engagement to Mr. L. P. B. Merriam, M.C., late Rifle Brigade, has just been announced

daughter who is the last word in modern independence—entirely at her father's expense *soit entendu :*

10.30 to 12.30. —Shopping.

12.30 to 1.20.—Wait for the damsel at her club.

1.20.—Drive the damsel to lunch in Belgrave Square.

2.30.—Take her from Belgrave Square to a matinée.

5 o'clock.—Take the damsel from the theatre to pay two calls, waiting, and taking her home at 6.30.

7.—Take the damsel to dinner at the Berkeley. Wait and drive her and three friends to a theatre.

11 o'clock.—Pick up the damsel at the theatre and drive her to a dance. Wait until 2.15 a.m.

This day's programme, with variations, such as a run into the country, or to Roehampton for golf, stands for five, sometimes six, days out of seven. There is always a dance at night somewhere, whatever may happen in the day-time. It's an odd kind of existence, and it requires a father—or ultimately a husband—who can provide the car, the chauffeur, the petrol and the tyres. But the young women of this type seems to consider that fathers and husbands are provided by a beneficient Providence for this special purpose.

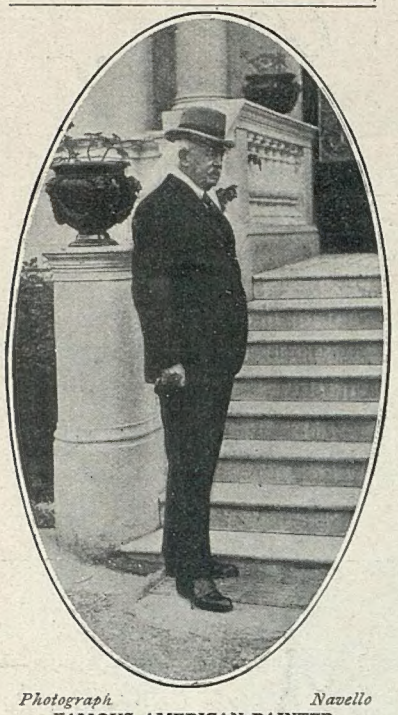
Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

LADY WINIFRED PENNOYER

Whose husband has just been appointed First Secretary to the United States Legation

Our tennis players suffer similarly by contrast—look at 'em—for the most part like worn-out governesses. Anyway they wouldn't get honourable mention at a dog show—but there's Lenglen, the only Suzanne—she ain't a peach nor a lemon to be sure, but she has a " don't care " distinction belonging only to the immortals. We go to see her at the Place

ON THE RIVIERA (*concluded*)



Photograph *Navello*

FAMOUS AMERICAN PAINTER

Mr. W. T. Dannot, a celebrated painter in the States, is wintering in the delightful climate of Monte Carlo. He is seen on the steps of his villa

Mozart, where she magics with the racket almost daily by way of practice, not for her play, but for her personality. The big tournament here is already exciting as much anticipation as though it was managed by Cochran.

At Cannes the real thrill is to be experienced when Prince and Princess Philippe de Bourbon-Sicile play on the new Carlton courts, which they do always, the day being fine; and then you have both lineage and sport at their best. Lord Rocksavage and Gordon Lowe practice ardently at the Carlton.

With golf the Englishman has it all his own way, so far as style is concerned. His gear and mode suit that healthy, full-lunged game. There he is a great stylist. Across the links at Cannes one feels as good as though one were being bored by the best people in Scotland. Christmas will be pretty generally celebrated on the links—there is a handicap of importance against Bogey at Monte Carlo, and special events for that day at all the clubs along the Riviera.

Lord Wester Wemyss is on the golf links every morning at Cannes—except Sundays when he reads the lessons at Christ Church. That's nice and English for you! The Duke of Connaught lunched with the Wester Wemyss the other day.

It is at dancing—of all frivolous diversions—that the American scores. What the Englishman is to the golf links, and Lenglen is to the tennis court, the man from "over there" is to the *thé dansant*. The average tall U.S.A. officer simply takes the floor at Ruhl's, the Negresco, or the Café de Paris, and puts the sleek and agile professional to shame. There are a lot of these heart-breakers on leave here from Germany, and they certainly do make dancing worth the powdering of noses and the creaming of lips.

Photograph *Navello*

CELEBRATED EXPLORER

Mme. and M. Harry de Windt, who have just returned from Mexico, are spending the winter at Mentone

"Fatty" at the Negresco! Only the best people go to the Negresco, and the rotund film favourite is one of the best. He is congeniality painted in oil. His is the laughter that is loving—a true pedlar of sunshine. The film folk are many on these bright shores just now. Young Dennis Neilson Terry is at Nice—and whole regiments of these gentry of the cinema make merry at the Mocha and like taverns in the town.

The other night a friend of mine took a seat at the roulette table next to a little fat man, across whose blue and white check waistcoat there stretched a veritable cable of gold. The wheel was spun; each time the little fat man's stakes were swept away. At last, turning to my friend he said, "I've put on red, solid, since three o'clock. It's cost me eighteen 'undred pound, but I ain't goin' to be done by that bloomin' old wheel. They're doin' it on purpose, but I'll show 'em!"

Photograph] **EN ROUTE TO INDIA** [*Sport and General*

Owing to the Prince of Wales being compelled to postpone his visit to India, the Duke of Connaught has been sent in his stead. He is here seen arriving on board prior to his departure from Marseilles

"IT'S ALL WRONG" AT THE QUEEN'S

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

MISS ELSIE JANIS has added considerably to the gaiety of nations with a single-handed comprehensiveness that is remarkable in these days of restricted individual effort. To begin with, she has written the book and the lyrics of her "Musical Complaint," and she has also composed some of the music. In addition, Miss Janis is the manageress and producer, the star comedienne, and the principal dancer. A playful little note on the programme expresses her regret that her name should be so often in print, "but she does not wish to shirk any of the responsibilities." The entertainment is opened by Miss Janis herself, who appears before the curtain to apologise for some alleged shortcomings in the scenic department. All round the proscenium are framed paintings of the scenery she would have liked to have had; but finding herself obliged to choose—on the score of expense—between elaborate scenery and adequate dresses, she very naturally adopted the principle of Safety First in the costume department. As a matter of fact, there is nothing wrong with the scenery at all. It is good everywhere, and in one or two instances exceptionally dainty and charming. I hope Miss Janis's enterprise will receive the handsome support it deserves. I found it more entertaining than a good many of the other shows I have been privileged to sit out lately, notwithstanding the legend that comparisons are odious.

THE harmony of the proceedings is disturbed quite early

in the evening by the assertive querulousness of Mr. Stanley Lupino, who complains that when he signed on for the part of King Constant Discontent it was agreed that he should have a real throne to sit on, and he finds he has to sit on the stump of a tree instead. So lowering to the dignity of the class he represents! Miss Janis in her reply reverts to the question of expense. The throne, I take it, would have cost at least a shilling, which is much too high a price, though I suppose if it had been marked down to eleven-three the lady would have snapped it up as a rare bargain. Then we learn that there is a bit of a plot to the story; but as Miss Janis puts it, her great aim is to get the plot off her chest as soon as possible. Therefore, after the first scene, the plot is never allowed to obtrude itself unduly. It is carried through the revue chiefly by the hero. That is why he is called a hero. After that, we get to a railway station. Every modern revue has one scene dealing with a railway station, and Miss Janis did not reckon to get left out of the procession. Mr. Stanley Lupino contrives to make this scene wildly funny; while a touch of rare daintiness is given by the Palace Girls, who are the most intelligent dancers I think I have seen. One of their efforts here is a series of steps to music intended to illustrate various nursery rhymes. It is a small turn; but it is extremely enjoyable, and gives the spectator the sense of being associated with a very high order of efficiency.

THEN we have Honeymoon Cottage, the hero's home—at least, as the programme puts it, he *was* a hero—before he got married. Here we listen to a charming duet by the turtle doves about love in the Springtime, with a most fascinating melody. And then in the middle of this sweet dream of connubial happiness a maid representing the Spirit of Jealousy walks on to say that she has found another lady's hairpins in the spare room, or something of that sort. Thus is another home broken up abruptly. The hero puts on his cap and walks out into the night and stays there for about thirty years. So we are able to forget him and get on with it. Then we find ourselves in a street in Paris in wartime. When the curtain rises it is just an ordinary street, but attendants run on and hang up signs like "*Tabac*" and "*Coiffeur*" which, of course, make the street quite Parisian at once. Mr. Guy Grahame is very funny as a British Tommy strolling about with a lady described as his *Carte d'Identité* (the term in this application is new to me). The lady herself is delightfully represented by Mlle. Yvonne Germaine, who, when Tommy points fiercely to his mouth, imagines he is asking to be kissed, whereas he is merely famished for food and doesn't know the French word for it. From there, we proceed to a French Bar during the War with Tommies standing round and indulging in coloured drinks,

till you begin to feel a horrid, parched feeling at the back of your throat.

IT is in this scene that Yvonne Germaine, as the very sentimental little barmaid, archly sings a song about the sacrifices she would be prepared to make *pour un peu d'amour*, which prompts one of the British Tommies to remark to a chum that he is getting very tired of these songs about Home and Mother. And that made us all laugh a good deal. The next scene is an English Bar over here, "at any time (permitted by the Control Board) since the War," but as that is practically no time at all, the scene obviously does not amount to much. Then as the programme says, "We must have a Ballet," and the goods are supplied accordingly with an excellence that is quite rare in patchy entertainments of this kind. The story of the ballet is quaintly humorous, and it is expounded with a gentle beauty that is entirely satisfying, and makes itself the outstanding feature of an entertainment that is of unusual excellence throughout. When the ballet had gracefully fluttered itself away we got to Part 2 of the programme. This was opened by Mr. Stanley Lupino with "another slice of Stage Life." The scene is the merest nonsense but it is uproariously funny. It consists merely of Mr. Lupino's attempt, as a raw young man from the country, to sing his sentimental ditty: "Too young for love—ah, say not so!" during a noisy changing of the scenery. Some of the people about me fairly screamed with laughter. I am myself a little *blasé*, and other French words, when it comes to enjoying jokes, but Mr. Lupino caught me napping easily, and I giggled unrestrainedly with the crowd. This scene is followed, by way of graceful contrast, with a dainty scene entitled "Melodious Memories," with Mr. Jurien Thayer—a very sweet singer—at the piano.

SOMEWHERE at the end of the production, Miss Janis has the stage to herself with a series of imitations of popular actors and actresses, which are as clever as they are droll. The imitation of Delysia is quite a brilliant example of this branch of art, while the imitation of Mr. Nelson Keys brought the mirth of the house to boiling point. Undoubtedly Miss Janis has mapped out for herself a very full evening, but she fills all the parts assigned to her with enviable success. I should like to have said that "It's All Wrong" is all right, but everybody else has said that, and as it is my constant effort to impart to these notes a tone of distinction I cannot, of course, avail myself of such cheap repartee. I have, therefore, studiously refrained from doing so. I could not for myself find a single flaw in this unique revue since I enjoyed every minute of it, and I hope therefore that Miss Janis will attain her ambition, which, I understand, is that it may rival even the phenomenal run of *Chu Chin Chow*.

JINGLE

The Colognial Christmas

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

TWO years have passed since, with the echo of the last shots still ringing in their ears, Plumer's Second Army marched into Cologne just in time for what, despite a theoretical "state of war," was the first Peace Christmas.

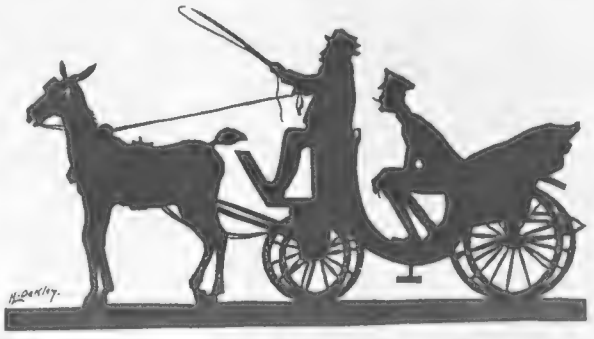
ONE young officer was nonplussed to find little trays of "Ersatz" biscuits by his bedside on Christmas morning, his first in the house. Feeling that the gift was "extremely kind-hearted," he told his host so—with the aid of a phrase-book—adding that he appreciated its "true Christian spirit." He was puzzled by the cold reception of his compliments, and by the daily continuance of the biscuits—till he learned six weeks later that his host's family was the leading light in Cologne's prosperous synagogue—and almost simultaneously received a "Rechnung" for daily coffee and biscuits! It would be unfair to Cologne to suggest that such an experience was general.

ONCE again the squares of Cologne have taken on the appearance of forest plantations. From the hills of the Rhine and the Eifel, and from the forests of the nearer Bergisches Land, have come Christmas trees of all shapes and sizes. They vary from the modest sprig (costing about twopence), before whose candles the maiden lady will warm her sentimental soul, to the monarchical specimen at the contemplation of which the Schieber's bosom will swell—if his Christmas gorge allows of the possibility of further expansion. No Rhinelander—even a crusted old bachelor alone in "diggings"—would be without a "Weinachtsbaum" lit up with candles on Christmas Eve, and people who cannot afford any other sort of orgy, will join in the debauch of sentiment still dearer to the Rhinelander's soul than any other excesses.

HORRIBLE threats are being breathed against the peasants who sell their Christmas trees in the squares and *Plaetze* of Cologne, if they indulge in last year's profiteering, and the blue-cloaked, besabred police are instructed to check their prices to the last *pfennig*. Endeavours are being made to keep down prices of poultry and meat (de-rationed at last), but, though many who can only pay a reasonable figure will make this Christmas dinner—as before—off cabbage soup, black bread, and a few slices of sausage, the great restaurants of Cologne, behind their discreetly curtained and shuttered windows, will present *menus* of which the Ritz would not need to be ashamed.

UP in Coblenz, our American cousins-in-occupation have subscribed generously to a fund for feeding poor German children in their area on Christmas Day. As the *Koelner Tageblatt* frankly says of a kindly action of a British officer in Cologne, "We need not ask whether the old Prussian officer would have behaved like this in the territories occupied by us!"

THERE is quite a kindly German story at the expense of the Yanks going the rounds here. A "Sammy" hired a cab to drive him round the sights of Cologne, and, pointing to the station, asked how long its construction had taken. "Four years," was the answer. "Say, you want to hustle some," commented Sammy; "we run up that kind of thing in nine months." At the Gurzinich Hall the driver was wiser,



"Say, Greybeard, how long was that shack a-building?"

and answered a similar question with "One year," only to learn that the "hustlers" would have done it in three months.

FAIRLY enraged now (for your Koelner is a great "lokal-patriot," and proud of his ancient Hanseatic city), the driver was asked as they passed the cathedral, "Say, Greybeard, how long was that shack a-building?" "Dass kann ich nicht sagen," grunted the "Kutscher," with a stolid look, "but as I drove past last week it hadn't been started!" ERIC GORDON

"From the hills and from the forests have come Christmas trees"

By H. L. Oakley

Bairnsfather in Canada

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

ANOTHER ILLUSION SHATTERED!

Sport 'Midst

CURLING ON THE ICE AT MÜRREN

Photographs

THE HON. JOAN POYNDER

Once you have mastered this rather difficult sport, nothing is more enjoyable than ski-ing for miles over the snow. Bright colourings in dress are the fashion out there now

SKIKJÖRING AT ST. MORITZ

Although this may appear to be the sport of experts, it is really not at all difficult, and anyone who has been to Switzerland knows what a never-ending source of delight it is, for you have all the enjoyment and no work

Snow and Ice

Sport & General and Central News

A TOBOGGAN RACE
Tobogganing down the slopes colossal speeds (and spills) are attained. These two, however, don't seem to be breaking any speed record

SKI-JUMPING DERBY
On this jumping hill at Trondhgen, Norway, ski experts have an opportunity of displaying their skill before large crowds and prizes are given for the best and highest jumps.

ON THE KULM RINK
This is a sport practically everyone has participated in, but the wonderful skating seen abroad is very awe-inspiring to the average skater

Prussland's New-Year Prospects

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

GERMANY had a pleasant and ruinous 1920, and Germany will have a pleasant and ruinous 1921. In 1920, Germany went to the devil in the most felicitous fashion ever devised by a beneficent Mephistopheles; and in 1921 she will go to the ultra-devil by the same rose-strewn path. In one way, Nineteen Twenty was a year of real progress for the Pruss; and Nineteen Twenty-One will be a year of realler progress. In *Politics*.

THERE were no real rows; no Munich Soviet-Republic; no killing off of poor dishevelled Rosa Luxemburgs; an uncommonly meagre list of strikes, and most for mere wage motives. In March, true, there was capricious Kapp, who spilt some blood, and a whole lot of ink, in passive Berlin; but March was always a Mad Month. Since then, there's been no row dreadfuller than through the scheme of Teltow Housing Bureau to plant a *Zwangsmieter* (Compulsory Lodger) on a widowlet on the ground that, being husbandless, she had too many rooms; which the weeping weedy widowlet resented because hubby's corpse still lay unburied in the bed which the *Zwangsmieter* claimed. Just some rowlets of that kind. But in general, Germany in Nineteen-Twenty reached Stability.

AND Nineteen Twenty-One, says the horoscopic B.-in-B., will be POLITICALLY just as mild a year as Nineteen Twenty. POLITICS will be like those Grecian ladies whose virtue men knew from the fact that nobody mentioned them. But why, pestering BYSTANDER readers will want to know, should Prussland therefore inevitably go to the devil? The answer is because it's having too good a time. Judged by her Debt, by her Unpaid Deliveries Up of goods which she needs herself, by the very considerable reparation claims which are (not) now being fixed, by her Coal Shortage, Iron Shortage, Cotton Shortage, Sock-Suspender Shortage, she ought to be having a disastrously dreadful time. But she isn't. Some things are scarce; and many things are bad. But owing to Governmental Magic, the Pruss is managing to live more than tolerably.

THE fact is, while Germany is growing poorer at the speed of a railway train, Germans are growing richer at the speed of an aeroplane. The two things go together. Finance Minister Wirth lately remarked with pathos that there are forty thousand millions of Prussic marks lodged to private accounts in the banks; the Statistical Bureau shows that during most of Nineteen Twenty the savings banks' deposits increased by one thousand millions a month; and Reichsbank Director Havenstein says there's another mild ten thousand millions hoarded in socks and soup-tureens by gents who think, rightly, that Taxation is a shame, and remember that by law of January, Nineteen Nineteen, the Tax-Collector can ask for your Bank pass-book. In short, Germans are viciously well off in Nineteen Twenty; and they will be viciously better off in rose-wreathed Nineteen Twenty-One.

BUT this beatitude is achieved only by walking the path which leads to our old indulgent acquaintance, the Herr Devil. It's a sham. It's due to the fact that in soft Nineteen Twenty, all three Germanic Cabinets chose the Roman policy of *panem et circenses*, which means that they did everything they could (and even some things they couldn't) to keep citizens rich and comfortable, although that achievement, they knew, brings RUIN upon GERMANY. They made the Pruss rich and idle in Nineteen Twenty; they will make him richer and idler in Nineteen Twenty-One. They administered a fundamentally hard-up Germany, which ought to work and ought not to be pampered, on the principles of that Moscow poorhouse, described by the author Miakotine, which took in citizens because they had no work, and then paid mill-owners to close their mills on the ground that there were not enough Unemployed to fill the poorhouse. In its application this means that every Pruss is encouraged to earn all he can, and that every Pruss, thanks to State intervention, is encouraged to pay a decreasing part of his income for all that he needs.

THE kindly Germanic State trades in and keeps down the prices of everything; and it does this by printing paper money. It loses on all its charitable transactions. It trades in bread. When the honest workman's income (1914) was around 3,000 marks, he paid nearly a mark for his 4 lb. loaf of bread; to-day, with his income at 30,000, he pays 4½ marks. The State pays a 9 marks subsidy on every loaf to keep the price down. His flatlet then cost him 600 marks a year; to-day it costs him under 800; his railway fares (third class) then cost him in gold about ¾*d.* a mile; to-day they cost him 1-5*d.* He lives for, measured by his inflated income, almost nothing. It is that that accounts for the 40,000,000,000 in the banks, for the monthly increase of 1,000,000,000 in the savings' banks, and for the 10,000,000,000 concealed in the ancestral sock and the hereditary soup-tureen. But there is one flaw in this beatitude; it is Germany's flaw, not the happy German's flaw. It is that all these bribes, doles and gifts to the happy people have produced in the Budget the not inconsiderable deficit of 52,700,000,000 marks.

THAT is the pleasant, ruinous way in which Germany celebrated Nineteen Twenty, and it is the pleasant, ruinous way chosen for Nineteen Twenty-One. Keep the citizen quiet by letting him have a glorious time; and when our indulgent acquaintance the Herr Devil has run up an adequate reckoning let him come along.

BY HEATH ROBINSON

THE THAW

His V

WHEN ANY MONEY WOULD BUY HIM!

A GOOD DAY OU

Value!

UT AND A BAD

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

Winter Sports on the Zuyder Zee

A TOBOGGAN OF UTILITY

Taking home provisions for the New Year festivities across the frozen river. The boy on the right seems to have discovered a new method of propelling himself along. Certain it is that such means have never been used on Hampstead Heath

Photographs] AN ICE YACHT

This sport is a most dangerous pastime if you don't know the ropes very well. A sudden gust of wind will sweep the whole boat over unless you are prepared. The man looks quite happy, though.

ON THE ICE AT EDAM [*Central News*

In a country that is for many months icebound, skating, perhaps, loses some of its novelty. This Dutch boy and girl stand out in contrast to the rather English-looking skaters in the background

"*Agents* stopping everyone from going in"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

EARLY CLOSING FOR THE NIGHT CLUBS

MES AMIS—

HAVING had to get home *de bonne heure* I am able to write much and feelingly about the early closing of the night clubs. This is a little more than *embêtant*. What is there now to do with the spare time between midnight and a half and bedtime? Where to go to get sleepy?

WHEN you have had to leave a night restaurant at the height of your pleasure in the dance, it is sufficient to give you more than a *mauvaise humeur* to find after a rush in a taxi to a night club a file of *agents* around the door stopping everyone from going in. And you get the benefit of someone else's bad *humeur* if you happen to ask, "What is the explanation?" from someone who has been inside but has had to come out. It has all come so sudden. Not even the important-looking young men who claim to be the parents of all the Cabinet Ministers have known about it. Or even the American journalists, who do not wait for things to happen before they send telegrams to tell of them. Before, they have known all there has been to know about the night clubs, especially the migrations of the best shakers of the cocktails. But this time their information has been behind the facts. They have stood outside in the rain considering the possibilities of such a dreadful precedent.

THE police official who has been responsible for this terrible step has put rubber heels on his intentions. Not until the actual *descente* has any dancer had the least suspicion that long-cloaked, fierce-moustached *agents* were stealthily gathering around the doors. The timid announcement of the *patron* that all would have to leave, by order of the police, has been treated as a little joke until the figure of the *officier* has been seen. Then there has been a rush to the *vestiaire*, and, in the confusion, quite a lot of mistakes have been made in the securing of hats, coats, and partners. What to do with one's partner, even when it has been the right one, has been not the least difficult detail of the problem. It is not easy to take a decision when standing in the street at the early evening hour of 12.30. All the mind is filled with the thoughts of those dances that could have been squeezed in before the strokes of three.

EVEN sufferers from the new order of things, as myself, must in the fairness confess that the admission of dancers who had never been members was a bad thing. It has led to complications of meetings with people it was desired to avoid. When a club is restricted to only its members you can know just exactly whom you shall see. You could have a friend of that club. You could also have a friend at another club, and there was never any danger of their falling into jealousy with each other because they would never meet.

BUT when the practice has begun of what you call the open door it has *renversé* all the skilful balance of this excellent arrangement. It leaves not the need for me to say there have been scenes. You will have made the guess correct. Some of these incidents have been of the passionate excitement. Others have had the fun in which all the club has

"Some of these incidents have been of the passionate excitement"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

been able to join. There is one which I think has been the most interesting of all, because, although it has been very stormy and very passionate and has even seemed that it could become tragic, there has been such a quaint manner to reason on the part of the *première jalouse* that the man who was in the case has had to tell it to some of us who were spectators. He has been so struck with the unusuality of the attitude that he has been afraid to make an outburst of laughing which would make the *première jalouse* take away her strange concession. So he has employed a safety-valve operation by telling the queer history to us.

As I have understood, this good-looking young *bon vivant*, whose name I do not know because he is always called the *Chef*, has been in the habit of almost always dancing with the *première jalouse* when he has been at this club. It has just happened like that because he has liked her way to dance. But the *première jalouse* has understood it more seriously. She has regarded the *Chef* as "*Mon Homme*." You must think of her as a very commanding kind of brunette—all imperious and tall and black and beautiful and fierce—and you can picture her in her fury and in her calm.

On the occasion that the excitement has happened the *Chef* has begun the evening at a supper of some men friends in a restaurant at Montmartre. His friends having made the acquaintances of a party of girls during the dances the *Chef* has found the one which has suited his step is also a dominating *demoiselle*, but this time with the almost red-gold hair that is so rare in Paris. There must be some community of mastery about the step that goes to attract the *Chef* to two such warlike ladies. When the restaurant has closed at midnight and a half it has been only natural that the party of the *Chef* should propose to continue the dancing at the club, and so a journey has been made there. The *première jalouse* has seen them enter, but the *Chef* has not observed that because he was explaining about the club to his partner. But he has soon learned of the trouble he has brought about, for it is in the very first dance that the *première jalouse* has come to the red-gold haired one and said she wanted to speak privately to her. They have spoken together a lot and fast, and then suddenly the new visitor has fainted. There has been much fuss and hurrying about, but after the *Chef* has lifted her up and carried her to a seat she has recovered.

"Lifted her up and carried her to a seat"

In a little while she has been able to do the dancing again, and it has seemed that all is well. But it is not so. The *première jalouse* has stopped them in the dance, and has argued with the tears to the *Chef*. He has explained how it has come to be that he has a guest, but it has all been of no use. The raven-haired has said he must send the rival away because he was "*Mon Homme*." It has been a refusal of the *Chef*, that has brought the eyes of the *jalouse* to a blaze. She has said all her sorrows in a torrent. Then she has dropped. Another faint. More doctoring for the *Chef*. But this time it has been more serious, for it has been very long. The *Chef* has come to be really afraid, as it has seemed it might be more than a little thing. He has advised the unfortunate partner that it would be better to leave, and he has found one of her friends to take her safely home. Then he has given all his attention to bringing the *première jalouse* out of her collapse. But the *départ* of the rival has had a sensational effect. She has, in a little while, even been able to dance a hesitation.

It is after she has found the firm feet that she has told the *Chef* what at first has made him worried, but at the end has made him so much want to laugh that he has had to tell the *histoire*. The *jalouse* has declared that if she should ever see him bring into that club another girl again she would have her revenge, and it would be dreadful. Only, she would make one exception. That was the *Chef's* wife! Her she would spare. But how—and this was the puzzle—has she known that he had a wife? He has certainly not spoken of her. And how would she recognise her? She had never been to the club. But after that incident it was less likely she would be seen there than before.

He is not running any risks, the *Chef*. And he has given much good advice to his friends. He has said a great deal in justification of confining admission to members. Almost in justification of the action of the police. But here we do not agree. If he is pleased to suffer for his mistake *cela nous est egal*. But why should we—who have been more careful? ROLAND

At Sunny San Remo

BY HELEN McKIE

SKETCHES FROM THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

Sometimes it seems hard to realise, when the streets are covered in slush and mud, and an icy wind bites through your clothes, that in Southern Italy now all is sunshine and summer frocks. Our artist, recently returned from an extensive trip, gives impressions of the Casino in full swing. A glorious panorama of wonderful frocks—and still more wonderful weather

Things That Never Happen

WILL OCCUR REGULARLY ON THIS PAGE

BY VICTOR HICKS

No. V—G. K. CHESTERTON FORSAKES JOURNALISM FOR THE TURF

THE TRADITION OF THE TRIBE

BY DELL LEIGH

"YES, but there's a good deal of hot-air talked about Red Indians," interposed Marriot, knocking a pipe out against the fender. "Do any of you know that part of the world—Alaska, I mean?"

None did.

"But most of you knew Slade, member of this Club, killed in Mespot just before the Armistice?"

Several men nodded reminiscently.

"He and I were out there on the same engineering job in 1902, though I had barely qualified in those days. It was rather a ticklish bit of bridge-building. Slade was in command, partly because of his diplomas, but chiefly owing to his extraordinary capacity for handling labour. We had all kinds at work on the pile-driving and the caissons; devilish rough lot, too. There were Indians in the neighbourhood, Red Indians, you would call them, and there would often have been trouble between them and the white men if it hadn't been for the presence of Slade. As it was they would content themselves by riding up suddenly to the edge of a gorge and wave their arms at us in a threatening manner, which used to enrage the Irish element among our fellows. But Slade would ride out and parley with them, and then they invariably disappeared over the sky-line. They lived away in the hills in places where people like you and me would not go alone with impunity. But Slade had lived in the country for years, and had acquired some knowledge of their strange lingo. It was said of him, although I never verified it, that he used in the off seasons to disappear into the fastnesses with these chaps and live their more or less savage life.

"In any case they would do any mortal thing for him, and seemed to love him in their quiet, sombre way.

"Incidentally, he was awfully good to me. I shared a hut with him for one winter. And it was he who filled in the details of this yarn. Long afterwards, of course, when we had both come home, though it was while I was on the job that it happened.

"One of the men in charge of a section was a chap called Anderson. I never liked him. He used to drink heavily and fight like a fiend. But as he was a man of great strength this didn't so much matter. I once saw him lift two pretty hefty Irish plate-layers up in his two hands and lay them both out, so they left him alone, if they were sober enough to remember. Slade didn't sack him, as he said he was too valuable, owing to his technical knowledge of caisson sinking, and we had to sink sixteen, some of them monsters. One night Anderson died."

His listeners noticed a shadow pass across Marriot's face as he reached for an ash-tray.

"Men die," he continued, gravely, "easily enough on tricky engineering jobs, especially in wild country. But this was not an ordinary death. It was something peculiarly horrible. He was found by a gang going on an early morning shift lying in the road. He had been kicked to death by a horse.

"That in itself was strange. Horses don't kick men to death. Moreover, none of our heavy draught horses were in the least savage. Nor the others either, for that matter.

"Slade called me in to our improvised mortuary as a witness of identification. I was in Anderson's section, and in truth it was a hard task, for there was very little left of his face. And his body was covered with the deep marks of hooves.

By Ricardo Brook

AFTER DINNER—ONLY

"What an original title"
"Yes, quite a Demerara Avis!"

THE TRADITION OF THE TRIBE (*concluded*)

"Slade was puzzled, and wired for Murdoch, the chief of police in that part of the world, and they remained closeted together in Slade's office the greater part of the night.

"The next morning Slade handed over to the second in command and disappeared himself. He did not return for three days. Nothing further happened, and in a fortnight the matter subsided from the men's minds, as these things do.

"Slade in telling me the story subsequently, put it all forward as a defence of the Indians, as instancing their high moral code. I daresay he was right. I don't know.

"It appeared that Anderson, unknown to us, had been selling raw whisky to the Indians at a huge price. This much Murdoch discovered.

"You may not know it, but alcohol in any form to the *real* Red Indian represents the seven deadly sins all lumped together and multiplied by seven, consequently their strongest tradition is that no spirit must pass their lips. It is bound up in some queer way with their religion, which is altogether beyond me—but was not to Slade.

"It was for that reason that he disappeared, having been given a clue by Murdoch.

"He arrived, after some hard riding, at the G.H.Q. of the tribe, a most inaccessible place at the head of a narrow gorge in the mountains. He was received with due solemnity, albeit a distinct coldness, by the old Chief, whom he had known for years. Slade begged a meal and permission to stay until morning.

"He said that the object of his mission was evidently clear to the old man from the start, for he kept very silent and dour during Slade's description of Anderson's death and would vouchsafe no information whatever.

"Later in the evening the old fellow became more human, and on Slade taxing him with knowledge of the business and warning him that Englishmen are not allowed to die in any part of the world without subsequent discomfort for someone, the Chief made no denial but merely clapped his hands suddenly in an odd way.

"A tall Indian, evidently a sentry, appeared without a sound, and received a curt order spoken so rapidly that Slade could not follow it.

"They sat in silence until the tent flap moved aside, and the biggest man Slade had ever seen in his life stepped into the light of the lamp.

"The old Chief looked gravely at his guest and motioned with his head towards his kinsman. Slade glanced in the direction indicated, and saw that the giant for he was no less, held an enormous club in his right hand. This was studded on either side, and at the base with iron horse shoes!"

"Good God," exclaimed a man leaning forward suddenly from the depths of a leather chair. "you don't mean . . .?"

"Just so," replied Marriot, quietly, "and you can take it from me as a sober fact that Jack Johnson in the height of his physical fitness would have stood no earthly chance against that Indian, armed with that—er—peculiar weapon."

HICKSOGRAPHS—No. V. "IRENE"

Bobbie the Brilliant, Hale the Hilarious. Three parts himself, one part George Graves. A fun merchant of the first order. When he speaks you laugh, when he doesn't—you laugh still more, Truly a magician of mirth

BY WILMOT LUNT

"DARN IT!"

"Brotherly Love"

BY NORMAN KEENE

"My dear Clarence, I can't possibly marry you, but—er—I'll be a ***brother*** to you"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE."

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

BY-THE-SEA, *December 27.*

DEAR COUSIN—

HAPPY New Year to you. Happier one, in fact, pr'aps I might almost say. 'Cos it hasn't certainly been in some ways so very deliriously joyous, this last one that's just passing into the limbo and "pale pageant of the past." A year of strikes and ever-multiplying taxes, of cowardly Irish murders, of troubles at home and abroad, with the biggest trade slump ever to end up with and put the crown on all our efforts, so to speak.

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A YEAR of Bolshie-ism creeping about all over the land. Of little explosions here and there that came to nothing and may mean nothing—or a lot. Of intrigues in Parliament and out of it, of petty feuds and quarrels between Ministers and newspaper proprietors, between employers and employees. . . . And meanwhile, what of—

England, our England?

Seem rather to have missed that out, don't they, some of them, in all the clamour and tumult of their own, of course, frightfully important differences and disputes?

卐 卐

TO have forgotten, I mean, that this England in which they live and have their opulent if not always entirely lovable being, which provides them with their lovely and luxurious cars ("It is not too much to say," as Lord Northcliffe modestly remarks, "that My new Rolls-Royce is the best automobile in the world")—that it is not really perhaps altogether *their* England after all.

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THAT in fact, it was, not so many years ago, rescued, bought, redeemed, and paid for in blood and sufferings unspeakable, not by those to whom, as Robert Nichols the soldier poet puts it, "the War was and remains a circus," but by the real fighters. The men who faced daily and hourly horrors so awful that they burnt out of existence even all love but the love between the officers and men who faced them together and bled and died together. . . .

Red lips are not so red
As the stained stones kissed by the English dead.
Kindness of wooed and wooer
Seems shame to their love pure.
Oh, Love, your eyes lose lure
When I behold eyes blinded in my stead.

"An air that bites and seems to wash you clean through and through"

THE War, I know, is rather out of fashion. But still somehow at the turning of the year, as we enter on a new decade, may be forgiven, perhaps, for recalling, just for a moment, those who won

"Opu'ent, if not always entirely lovable"

it for us—the "multitudes of ordinary men," as the P.M. put it last week, whose great sacrifices moved the world in the Great War. . . . The shout of triumph is already fading away, the bitterness of the strife is gradually finishing, the anguish of grief and sorrow is being softened by the gentle hand of Time, but the greatness of the sacrifice made by those lads is becoming more conspicuous, more prominent, more dominant, every year. . . . It is standing like a pillar of flame in the wilderness to guide generations to come. . . .

卐 卐

IS it? I hope so. Must confess I'm rather afraid, sometimes, of a slight tendency to forgetfulness of their great sacrifice, even among the generations who've already arrived. However and notwithstanding, let's hope for the best. Mustn't judge a nation, after all, by its politicians or its profiteers, and I

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

do believe anyway the rank and file among us haven't really *quite* pushed into complete and utter oblivion the memory of those (to them who didn't see the War just exactly as a "circus") four unforgettable years and all their horrors and their heroism.

卐 卐

HERE by the sea anyway, these Christmas days, one hasn't ever felt much like forgetting. Life's so extraordinarily simplified somehow, when you fling aside all the tangles and complications of London and cast yourself on the mercy and hospitality of a little quiet hotel by the sea. No engagements, except for breakfast, lunch, and dinner *chez soi* (or not more than a hundred yards away), or for the golf match arranged overnight, or the set of hard court lawn tennis fixed up right on the very spur of the moment. No worries, no telephone calls, no visitors. And just as much as ever you want of space, and blue (or grey) sky and sea, and fresh salt-laden breezes, and star-lit stingingly-cold nights, and an air that bites and seems to wash you clean through and through.

"White-tied, superior waiters"

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SO just for a little while, at least, you get back to the elemental things that in the hurry-scurry of town have rather a way of getting overlaid with such masses of the little petty details which don't matter, but simply have to be attended to. You get back to the simple things, and even Christmas and its little simple ceremonies and memories don't seem so simply silly as they sometimes do in town. Clusters of holly at the Ritz and bunches of mistletoe at the Carlton — they are all very charming and nice, of course, but have somehow an absurdly exotic flavour for the occasion. Don't go exactly, do they, with white-tied, superior waiters, scornfully and superiorly waiting for the tip which you feel is bound to be inadequate to their dignity, however generous it may seem to your own crushed and timidly obsequious soul.

卐 卐

BUT at By-the-Sea we aren't afraid even of our waiters (two, *plus* portly hotel manager, who is not too proud to wait). They even join in conversation with us at meals, exchanging opinions on the weather which is in progress just outside the hotel dining-room window, providing us with (mostly inaccurate) information about cars and trains, and giving us (rather more reliable) advice concerning dishes under consideration or to come. And the holly that has been so profusely plastered over every available Marcus Stone or Alma Tadema engraving in the dining-room by the genial manageress seems, somehow, to wear quite a friendly look, though it hasn't been half so artistically arranged as the London variety. And the one fat clump of mistletoe in the hall outside has quite a welcoming appearance. . . .

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MUSTN'T get too sentimental, though, must we, even if this *has* been Christmastime, when, if ever, sentiment and all that sort of thing is supposed to have full licence to run riot. But I think, on the whole, I would rather err on the sentimental side than the other one when it really comes to the point, what? Must confess I positively cried, for instance, at the perfectly lovely *Tristan* they gave at Covent Garden the other night, just before the Garden Party Ball. Sign, I suppose, of frightful weakness of mind (or lachrymal ducts), but that music, especially in the garden love scene, is so infinitely tender and passionate and thrilling that if you *do* happen to have ever loved and suffered yourself it really is almost too overwhelming for absolutely correct and proper dry-eyed calm behaviour, even in the front row of the stalls, to be positively guaranteed.

"Portly hotel manager, not too proud to wait"

卐 卐

HAS been so successful, by the way, this Opera season, that they positively insist on coming back for a much longer one next year, the Carl Rosa people do. Actually not even lost money over it—and I must confess their operas have been every bit as good as the Beecham ones, if not better. Or is it, perhaps, partly that we've got more and more accustomed to the English language for singing in? And the translations of the originals must be, I think, composed by the Poet Laureate, or anyway one of his understudies. Can't say no fairer nor that, can I?

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

An "Olympic" Feast

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

THE ANNUAL CIRCUS

Once more makes its welcome appearance, and the children will flock to see their old favourites and enjoy the numerous side-shows provided. Judging by these sketches, made at Olympia last week, one would imagine that it is the "grown-ups," as well as the children, who have been reviving old-time thrills

HUNTING NOTES

Photograph A ROYAL NIMROD [*Photo Press*

Prince Henry, like his elder brothers, is an ardent sportsman and quite at home in the saddle. Above is a photograph taken while he was out with the Herts Hounds at Talsworth, Bedfordshire

The Young Idea

SINCE the breaking up of the schools for the holidays you notice a perceptible change in the hunting-field. There is less elbow room at the gates and the gaps, and a livelier atmosphere at the meeting-place and the covert-side. The boys and girls, home on pleasure

Photograph FROM SEA TO SADDLE [*Topical*

Earl Beatty is a keen and enthusiastic rider to hounds. A snapshot at a recent meet of the Quorn

bent, are mightily enjoying their days with the hounds. No doubt you will come across the man who professes to object to the field being over-run by these enthusiastic youngsters. "Bah! no room to move!" he declares, as a convenient gateway happens to get choked. He snorts indignantly as he sees a fresh pony take charge of his youthful rider and cause a momentary confusion to the field. Don't listen to the misanthrope. Surely he must have started hunting late in life, else he would have vivid recollections of the joys of his own holiday sport. Anyway, the boys and girls ought to receive all the consideration that can be given them in their efforts to see something of the sport. It is as well to bear in mind that the schoolboy of to-day may be the M.F.H. of to-morrow. So don't "rate" and grumble at the youngsters; give them, on the contrary, words of encouragement and advice. Fox hunting is not so strong that it can afford to dispense with these young enthusiasts.

Christmas Sport

MEETS of hounds in the present week have for the most part been arranged so as to enable those who live in the provincial towns a chance of seeing a little of what is sometimes called the panoply of the chase. Christmas meets have been looked forward to by the townspeople from the early days of the sport, and I think Masters of Hounds do well to give the *hoi polloi* this opportunity of turning out with the Hunt. The crowd may be an inconvenience in the early part of the day, but—what matters? Deep down in the heart of the average Englishman is a love for horses and for hounds, and any occasion for fostering that inborn affection should not be neglected. In his latest book Lord Willoughby de Broke advises his brother M.F.H.s never to try to elude the foot-people by trotting away from the meet to a distant covert. He points out that the county pack and the sport it can show in each locality form, in a certain sense, the traditional property of the natives, who are naturally disappointed if they are denied the chance of seeing a fox found in the local covert. A. W. C.

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Those R.A.S.C. Jockeys

I WONDER how many M.F.H.s and hunting men and steeplechase-riders served in the R.A.S.C. during the War? Overseas one seemed to meet them everywhere—Leveson-Gowers, Hartigans, O'Kellys, Leaders, McShanes, Cramsies, McCaulays, Verschoyles, Goldinghams, Goodes, Crokers, Bowles's, Denshams, Badcocks, Scotts, Paynters, Learmouths, Anthonys—to name only a few out of the many dozens whose names occur to me. Small wonder, therefore, that a steeplechase meeting even more successful than the first they organised at Sandown Park is anticipated at Sandown on February 3. Already challenge cups have been presented by Lieut.-General Sir Travers Clarke and Lieut.-Colonel Earl Fitzwilliam, and other cups are,

I hear, likely to be forthcoming. Captain Moore, at the War Office, and the Secretary of the United R.A.S.C. Club at Kensington Barracks will be glad to hear from officers and ex-officers wanting mounts who are qualified to ride, and from owners who would like to enter horses.

Where are the Hurdlers?

So far the jumping season has been disappointing in its comparative absence of smart recruits to hurdle-racing. By the end of the old year we are usually able to talk about some brilliant young performers over the sticks, but the form of the three-year-olds has been unquestionably moderate this season. In one or two of the juvenile races lately there have been some deplorable exhibitions of jumping. This is all the more to be regretted in view of the fact that the stakes are much better all round than they were before the War, and one naturally looks for a better class of horse attracted to the game. Perhaps we shall see an improvement in the New Year, for there are plenty of well-known winners on the flat who are being schooled over hurdles to make a public appearance.

Interesting Recruits

Among these are Morganatic Marriage, with whom Mr. Percy Heybourn is hopeful of repeating the successes he has gained with Trespasser, Vermouth, and Sippet Charlie. The last I heard of the half-brother to The Panther was that he "still had a lot to learn." But Mr. "Jim" Bell has a wonderful way with these hard cases, and nobody is better qualified for the job of making Morganatic Marriage into a first-class hurdler. Robert Gore will be disappointed if Galroy does not pay his way at the winter game, for the young horse has been jumping well at Findon. It is very doubtful, however, whether he will ever get back anything like the huge sum which Lord Lascelles gave for him. Mr. "Atty" Persse must congratulate himself upon having advised the racing confederates, Messrs. Robinson and Clark, to sell Galroy at the close of his brilliant two-year-old career.

"PIPPED ON THE POST"

Here is a contrast in styles. George Duller (in Mr. Heybourn's colours) always adopts the crouching seat and "Bert" Gordon of Wroughton (one of our veteran steeplechase pros.) drives his mount home with "Archer"-like determination. Which has won must be left for Mr. Robinson to decide

By "The Tout"

MAJOR HUGH PEEL

Is a staunch supporter of racing under N.H. Rules, and the husband of "Posthlyn's" owner. Rumour has it that he picked up the famous "National" horse for a "pony," with a 20 lb. salmon thrown in! As well as taking a keen interest in jumping, Major Peel is an enthusiast on coursing

Coming Events

We can always depend upon good sport at Newbury, and this week's programme looks like working out well. The Reading Steeplechase on Thursday may be won by **Eastward Ho**, and I am prepared to see **Galroy** make a successful effort in the Berkshire Hurdle Race on the following day. Some big events are to be decided at Manchester, including the Victory Steeplechase on Saturday, which **Clonree** may win. Gore's stable may take the Victory Hurdle Race on Monday with **Manrico** or **Ballyhandy**.

SPORTS & PASTIMES

ENGLAND *V.* THE SOUTH

Forwards jumping for the ball in the line-out during the recent Rugby International Trial in which England beat the South by 31 points to 8. On the right is seen L. G. Brown, the old Oxford Blue and International, who has recently "come back" and is playing as well as ever

RUGBY FOOTBALL

England in the Making

MOST people expected that the England team which beat the South so decisively would be chosen practically *en masse* to represent England in the final trial against the Rest on January 1. And so it has been, although I hear that one well-known writer on the game whose comments appear from time to time in one of the leading London dailies, can hardly sleep at nights for thinking of the number of "wingers" there are in the English pack. And, indeed, who can say with conviction that his fears are altogether groundless?

The Forwards

WE have a clever pack without doubt—and cleverness is essential in "Rugger" in these days—but have they the requisite amount of shoving power and can they all stay right through to the bitter end? However, they did so well against the South that I do not see how the selectors could do aught but retain them, or rather the bulk of them, for they have made one change—E. A. Gardner, of the United Services, for A. F. Blakiston, of Northampton. Moreover, they certainly won't be any the worse for having played together before. The object of the trials is avowedly to build up a team rather than to amass a heterogeneous collection of good players, and the fewer changes you make in the course of the trials the more likely is this object to be achieved.

The Backs

THE same consideration applies to the backs, and here again we find only one actual change,

Photograph *Sport and General*

L. P. B. MERRIAM

The well-known Rugby footballer, whose engagement to Lady Marjory Kennedy, daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ailsa, has recently been announced. He has played with distinction for Oxford, Blackheath and England. During the war he served with the Rifle Brigade and gained the M.C.

for Worton at scrum half was admittedly only deputising for Kershaw who was a certainty for that position from the very beginning. The change is the substitution of A. M. Smallwood, the Cambridge Blue of last season, for E. Haselmere in the three-quarter line. Smallwood who, like Haselmere, now plays for Leicester, was the best back on the South side a couple of Saturdays ago. He is more robust than Haselmere, and yet is by no means lacking in pace. But his place is in the centre, and whether he can do equally well on the wing remains to be seen. The other backs practically chose themselves; it would have been unwise to shift any single one of them, and they, like the forwards, will benefit by having had practice together.

The Rest

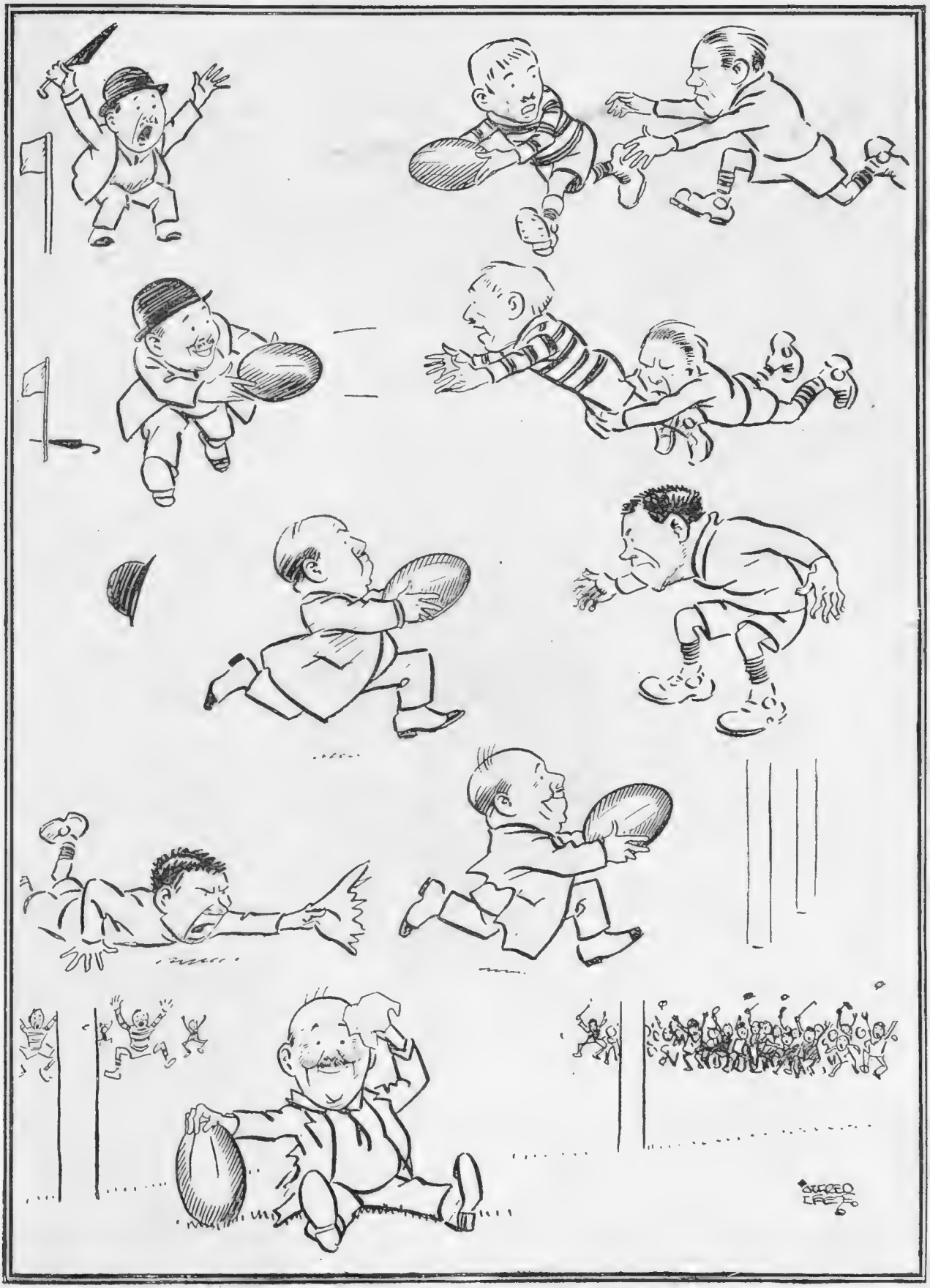
COMING to the Rest, we find, not unnaturally, a number of changes from the team that was defeated by 31 points to 8 on Saturday week. It was obviously necessary to try and find a side which would give the chosen of England a harder game than that. Of the backs (other than Smallwood, promoted), two only are being retained—A. Holland, the Newport wing three-quarter, who at the last trial only had about five minutes' play owing to an injury, and K. R. J. Saxon, the Cambridge wing three-quarter, who was chosen, but could not play owing to the injury which also kept him out of the 'Varsity match. Of the forwards H. F. Waldock, of Oxford, and J. S. Tucker, of Bristol, who, like Saxon, were chosen for the last match, but could not play, Conway and Cove-Smith, of Cambridge, and Wakeham, of Camborne, are retained. Gardner, as I have said, goes up, and Blakiston comes down into his place, but S. Smart, F. Taylor, G. Loriston-Clarke, and V. H. Neser are "booted," although the two first-named are old Internationals.

A Side in Being

THE net result is, to all intents and purposes, a new side, and, consequently, an experimental one. It may or may not prove a better side than that which it replaces, but whatever it does I hope that the selectors will not tamper more than they can possibly help with the England side, which now has

(*Continued on page 950*)

The Sixteenth Man



BY ALFRED LEETE

The Old Three-Quarter Who Couldn't Resist the Call of the Game

the inestimable advantage of being —to borrow a phrase much in vogue with writers on naval topics—"a side in being." Incidentally, I may mention that the England side are all old Internationals bar two,

J. S. RYDER

A brilliant all-round player. The batting strength of the team is shown by the fact that he is No. 9 in the order of going in

Edwards, of Newport, and Gardner —both forwards—so that it ought not to suffer from stage fright.

CRICKET

A Correction

WRITING on the subject of Test Matches two or three weeks ago I expressed the opinion that matches which are played to a finish are apt to be boring, or words to that effect. After saying so much my intention was to add that for this reason I was glad that of the Test Matches to be played in England next year only the fifth—if the fifth match is the one which decides the rubber—will be played out. But, owing to the accidental elision of a line, the words "to be played in England next year" did not appear in print, with the result that my remarks seemed to apply to the current series of Test Matches in Australia, which is, of course, sheer nonsense. All Test Matches in Australia are fought to a finish.

The First Test

WHICH reminds me of the necessity for a further explanation. This issue of THE BYSTANDER goes to press (owing to the exigencies of the Christmas recess) too early to enable me to comment properly upon England's overwhelming defeat by 377 runs in the first Test Match last week, although beyond making the obvious remark that Australia proved themselves the better side in every department of the game there is really very little to be said. We have made a pretty bad start, but cricket is such a funny game that we have no grounds for being unduly disheartened about it. I may add that with a sort of prophetic instinct we published on December 1 a portrait of H. L. Collins, whose century for Australia in their second innings places him among the very select few who have scored a century in their first Test Match. Along with

FIRST BLOOD TO AUSTRALIA

Three of the winners of the First Test Match

W. BARDSLEY

A wonderfully reliable batsman. He made 22 in the first innings, going in first wicket down, and 57 in the second, going in first with H. L. Collins

him appeared C. G. Macartney, and last week we gave W. W. Armstrong, the Australian skipper. These two have likewise distinguished themselves greatly. This week we show you pictures of three more members of an admittedly great eleven, which seems to be all head and no tail. By the way, I sometimes wonder whether, if cricket were a more modern game, we should not substitute the word "appendix" for that which, as things are, we are wont to describe as the "tail." But, after all, "tail" is, perhaps, the more appropriate word, for whereas the appendix is, apparently, of no use whatever except to be operated upon, the tail has been known to wag on occasions with most disconcerting results.

SQUASH RACKETS

A Game Which Has Made Good

SQUASH rackets is a game which enjoys much popularity but not much publicity. Recently, however, several things have combined to bring it into prominence. One of these is the interest taken in the game by the Duke of York, who survived to the final of the "B" handicap at the Bath Club. Another is the wonderful form shown by the professional champion, C. R. Read, in the professional handicap at Queen's Club, which he won, in spite of odds which looked to be overwhelming. In fact, some of his opponents thought they were doing quite well if they managed to score ten points while he was making about a hundred. Originally a makeshift for rackets just as lawn tennis was, to some extent, a makeshift for tennis, "Squash" has made good as a game because it affords plenty of scope for the exercise of skill and because physical fitness is essential for the playing of it. H. S. S.

Photographs *Special Press*

C. KELLEWAY

Another fine all-rounder. He scored 33 and 78 and did some useful bowling. Australia won by 377 runs

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

MR. LOUIS GOLDING'S first novel, *Forward from Babylon* (Christophers: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), is a distinguished piece of work, which augurs well for the writer's future. It is a powerful and well-written book. Though the scene is laid in a north-country town, the pictures of life which Mr. Golding draws with so much cunning and beauty, will be strangely unfamiliar to most readers. For, as its title implies, *Forward From Babylon* is solely concerned with poor Jews and the problems which await the young Jew who, brought up in the strictly orthodox way, wishes—and very naturally wishes, you would think, after reading this book—to go his own way. Philip Messel's story, as here told, takes us no further than his school-days, but the book is long enough to give very much more than a glimpse of Reb Monash, his father, and Chayah, his mother. And these two figures stand for all orthodox Jewry.

* *

REBELLION comes not too easily to this child of the Ghetto, and it comes by devious ways. The early Socialistic adventure is understandable, but let us hope that Philip's example will not be followed by others less honest amongst his co-religionists. And there are women, too, strange women best left alone by schoolboys. The work conveys a clear enough message. Even so hide-bound a thing as the ghetto, it seems, must go. Young blood will no longer stand the old, tight yoke. And, really, why should it? I fancy there must be other novels which deal with a similar theme, but Mr. Golding's book must assuredly be the finest of all. Its gloom is almost unnoticed, and its aloofness from social life as most of us know it, only enhances its considerable effect.

Photograph *Elliot and Fry*

SIR PHILLIP GIBBS

Who has accepted the editorship of the "Review of Reviews." A journalist and author of distinction, he acted as War Correspondent with the British Armies in France from 1915-1918. The first number under his control includes contributions from some of our greatest writers

For the Children

An amusing little book of playtime songs by Harford Worlock and James M. Gallatly seems to strike just the right note for young children. *Mother's Playtime Songs and Some for Father* (Herman Darewski: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) contains the songs that little girls and boys so appreciate, for they are written and composed from the child's point of view.

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A BITING OFFER

AUSTEN WILL BE PLEASED

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

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The inevitable result is that to-day Britain is experiencing the most disastrous trade slump in her history, and the menace of widespread unemployment is daily increasing.

To fight this menace I have decided on an extreme course. To foster production I have determined to forego all personal profits, and sell clothes at actual cost price.

In adopting this measure I am neither fool nor altruist. To be blunt, the financial year of Pope and Bradley ends December 31st. The Excess Profits Duty has smashed incentive and crippled progress, so until it is removed I do not, frankly, care whether I make any profits or not.

Therefore for the time being I am disregarding profits and producing clothes for my customers at the bare cost of materials and workmanship.

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In quoting these prices no establishment, cutters, management, or other overhead charges are included, so it actually means selling every suit and overcoat at a loss.

All the materials offered are of the most expensive quality, and the tailoring at Bond Street, at Southampton Row, and at Manchester is executed by the finest craftsmen in England.

Since I made this offer it has solved the question of employment, for my house is now doing the biggest trade in its history.

It is maintaining production, which is vital, and it is putting a strangle-hold on the extravagance which is sapping the life-blood of the nation. There is no virtue in my sacrifice of profits, so don't thank me, thank Austen. Austen optimistically determined to appropriate 75 per cent. of trade profits, and now as sleeping partner he may learn the salutary lesson of bearing 75 per cent. of the losses. And the awakening by boomerang will be rude.

The Excess Profits Duty has killed itself, but I have no sympathy with suicides. That is why I kick the corpse of E.P.D. into eternal oblivion.

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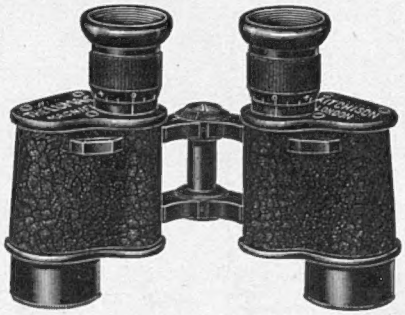

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1080

MOTOR-NOTES

WHEN you go to pay your New Year's call on—well, where you best want to—don't forget that a brightly polished car cuts some ice in making a good impression. You know, just a little furniture polish rubbed lightly over the panels and leather hood, lacquered fittings, and polished woodwork, and, my word! the car becomes a regular shining light, and this without much elbow grease, which is the reason I mention it. To be perfectly frank, it was the mem-sahib that discovered this for me, as she says "it's a splendid cleaner," because it really removes the spots and dirt instead of covering them over like some of the other preparations do that the local oilman tries to push into your household with the firewood and other sundries. Anyway, one can always get the metal parts polished up easily enough, but it's a jolly difficult thing to get the rest of the car to match 'em in smartness, and Helen Jane Grace is very particular when she is going on the social round of calls, dropping paste-boards galore. That's how this discovery was made. For I brought the 'bus round, having paid for an extra wash and polish, thinking I had done her proud, and then—but there, some of you are married, and you know how a bright little woman can tell you well off for ten minutes without repeating herself. She left me dumb and stalked into the house to come out again, followed by Gwendoline Gladys with a tin of polish and a duster. In a couple of minutes G. G. put a fresh complexion on the car that added £200 on its selling value, and envy in the minds of the missus' dearest friends. And all this scintillating shininess out of a three-bob tin, so we drove off in peace and contentment, the engine purring like a—no, I never called her that—but I am giving you boys the tip how to avoid trouble at small expense.

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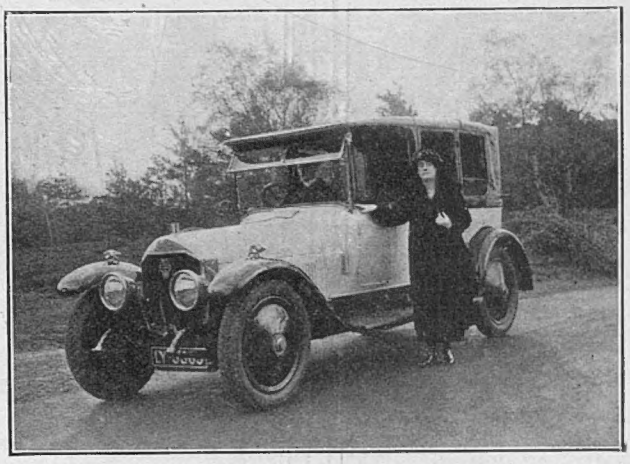


MISS CARRIE TUBB AND HER CAR

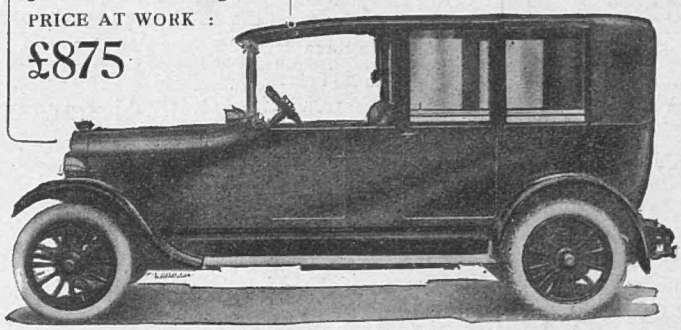
The well-known singer is seen with her latest 40-50 h.p. six-cylinder Napier. The body is typical of the rapid strides this firm has made in motor-carriage construction

HAVE you bought your licence card-holder? If you have not, don't forget that both the circular or square type require a bracket extension fitted on the bottom end, so that it can be carried inside the windscreen or on the upright arm on the near side. As the regulation stands at the moment of writing it must be visible from the footpath on the near side. Personally, I think I shall screw the circular holder on my door panel in place of armourial bearings, and put the card in upside down so as to be able to look over and learn the new supporters.

OLD HY.

The Landaulette Model of the *Austin Twenty*

PRICE AT WORK: £875



The AUSTIN TWENTY

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479-483, OXFORD ST., W.1
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And at
LIANCOURT & BRUSSELS.

For Winter Motoring

Motoring in an Austin Twenty Landaulet even on the coldest day is like the quality of mercy, thrice blest. It is good to look forward to, good in the actual enjoyment, and good in the retrospect. There are no snags of discontent to worry or annoy, no rattle to disturb one's nerves, no draught to creep down one's back. The ample springing beneath, and the power and resiliency of the engine in front, give the wayfarer a sense of safe, easy, and swift movement and perfect well being. It is indeed the car of all the comforts.

Early delivery dates are now being booked by Austin distributors. List on application.